

## A TRAGEDY RECALLED

Refusal of Governor Taylor to Return to Kentucky.

### THE TELEGRAPH MONOPOLIES

Public Forced to Pay Tribute to the Goulds and Mackays—Congress Likely to Look Into Affairs of Western Union and Postal Telegraph—Bryan at the Convention of 1896—A Historian Set Right—Democratic Governors and Republican Senators.

By WILLIS J. ABBOT.

To an observer of political conditions who still retains a sense of official and personal honor it would seem that J. P. Hanly, governor of Indiana, is just at present in a position almost as discreditable as that of former Governor W. S. Taylor of Kentucky.

Taylor is wanted by the state of Kentucky on a charge of having been an accessory to the murder of Governor-elect Goebel six years ago. He fled into Indiana, and despite repeated demands for his extradition by the authorities of Kentucky the Republican governors of the Hoosier State have refused to give him up.

It is not necessary now to recount the details of the Goebel assassination. While attempting to prove his title to the governorship he was shot in the back by a marksman concealed in the building in which Taylor's office was situated. Men rushing to search the building for the assassin were checked at the doorways and denied admission by officeholders under Taylor. During the days that Goebel lingered between life and death Taylor used the militia of the state to prevent any meeting of the legislature. When power passed into the hands of the Democratic party Taylor fled. Two men charged with complicity in the crime were indicted. One, a mountaineer, shown to have been brought to Lexington at Taylor's instance, was sent to the penitentiary for life. The other, one Powers, an officeholder of the Taylor administration, is now undergoing his fourth trial. The most telling piece of evidence against Powers is that when arrested there was found among his papers a pardon signed by Governor W. S. Taylor, granting him immunity from the crime of murder. The pardon was dated several days before Goebel was killed.

As Mr. Taylor could not be persuaded to return to Kentucky to stand trial himself and as a succession of Republican governors in Indiana thought it their partisan duty to shield him, the authorities of the former state have made him a proposition that seems fair.

"If you will return to Kentucky and testify in the Powers trial," said they, "we will guarantee you immunity from arrest and see that you are restored again to your Indiana refuge. What we want explained is the singular circumstance of that pardon. It is the most concrete piece of evidence against Powers. If it can be explained away he will go free. You are the only man who can make the explanation."

Taylor has refused the proposition. He asserts that he dare not trust the Kentucky authorities, though scarcely any one would believe a state government could be guilty of such baseness as to break a promise of this kind. In refusing Taylor may be condemning an innocent man to death.

But what of Governor Hanly? Will he persist in violating the clear letter of the law in refusing to extradite one charged with murder on the mere plea that the man cannot get a fair trial in Kentucky? Goebel was slain six years ago, and the bitter passions of that time by now have moderated, if not entirely disappeared. Continuance of his present course puts Hanly much in Taylor's class.

#### The Telegraphers' Strike.

Whatever the outcome of the struggle between the telegraphers and the two monopolies by which they are employed may be, it is sure to produce one interesting proposition in the next congress. The companies claim they cannot pay the increased rate of wages, 15 per cent, or grant the eight hour day and still pay dividends on their stock. The men claim—and the figures bear them out—that the stock is watered to an extent that would abash even the original promoter of the telegraphs, the eminent Jay Gould. The Western Union company, for example, has outstanding in stocks and bonds \$135,985,000, upon which \$6,067,700 was paid in dividends and interest in 1906. The Postal Telegraph is employing the favorite device of crooked corporations for concealing their capitalization—namely, a holding company. One cannot therefore be exact in stating its capitalization. But the Mackay company, the holding corporation, is capitalized at \$91,380,400, upon which a dividend of \$2,985,874 was paid last year. In passing it is interesting to note that these two companies are practically the personal property of two families—the Goulds and the Mackays.

It is estimated that more than a third of this enormous capital is water. On this the public must pay interest and dividends. Obviously the first method of correcting this evil is to get an exact estimate of the value of the physical property of the corporation. At the last congress a resolution was adopted instructing the department of commerce and labor to proceed to a valuation of the physical properties of the railroads. It is probable that the Sixtieth congress may find it necessary to amend this action, as the task has been found to be colossal and its cost almost prohibitive. However, whatever may be

done along this line, there will be a determined effort made to persuade congress to provide for an official appraisal of the physical properties of the telegraph companies. This would be vastly less expensive and would furnish data that will be invaluable in the inevitable question of government ownership of the telegraphs shall come up.

#### Telegraphic Improvements and Cost.

In New York the other day I was shown a room in a big uptown office building in which was installed a telegraph line fifty miles long. The wires were coiled around the wall from floor to ceiling and covered the ceiling. It was used to give a demonstration of a new system of telegraphy to be known as the telepost, invented by an old associate of Thomas A. Edison. One curious feature of this system is that the wires can be used simultaneously for telephone and telegraph messages. Promoters of this enterprise told me that a four wire line under their system could be built for \$1,375 a mile; that it would carry as much business as a sixty-eight wire line such as the old companies have, costing \$7,000 a mile. As to rapidity of operation, there is no comparison.

Perhaps when that appraisal of the physical properties of the old companies is begun some investigation might also be undertaken into the reasons why they have failed to improve in the slightest degree their operating methods, while the patent office here is full of models of devices for improving and expediting the service, the inventors of which were never able to get a hearing from the managers of the merged telegraph monopolies.

#### History as It Is Written.

In a syndicate article printed recently Mr. Dexter Marshall offered some reminiscences of national conventions, including the famous Chicago convention of 1896. Certain facts are suggested by Mr. Marshall's contribution to history. It is quite true, as he says, that Mr. Bryan came to that convention hoping to make a fight for the nomination. But certainly no man ever came with a hope that at the outset might have appeared more forlorn. To begin with, he did not reach Chicago as a member of the convention. He was one of a contesting delegation, and the committee on credentials was in the hands of the enemy. Again, while his Nebraska neighbors were enthusiastically for him, there was not one other state delegation from which he had assurance of support. None of the leaders of the convention was for him. Blund of Missouri was the choice of by far a majority of the radical silver men, while Senator Teller and Governor Boies of Iowa had their devoted adherents. In the gossip of the two days before the convention the name of Bryan was not heard. His youth was against him. He had passed the constitutional age by less than two years. I recall very well speaking to Governor Altgeld in his behalf the day before the convention met. "A fine man," said Altgeld, "but too young. He has plenty of time to wait." Altgeld did, as Mr. Marshall recounts, hold his delegation away from Bryan until the very last possible moment. But it was not, as Mr. Marshall said, because he had hopes of being himself a candidate. Nobody accused Governor Altgeld of lack of knowledge of the constitution or of our system of government, and he knew that our American presidents could not be born, as he was, in Germany. It was the magnetism of his speech that nominated Mr. Bryan and not any shrewd plotting or planning before the convention.

#### Types of Statesmen.

Five southern states have brought the railroads doing business within their borders to their knees. Five southern governors, of course all Democrats, have shown themselves to be superior to corporation blandishments and have led the attack of the legislatures upon railroad extortion and aggression. President Finley of the Southern railroad, after having been arrested in one state and having seen his road's license to do business forfeited in another, has surrendered at discretion. In passing it may be fair to say that Mr. Finley has acted throughout this agitation with a fairness and in a spirit of conciliation that reflected the greatest credit upon him.

Nevertheless the conciliatory attitude of the railroad man most affected does not detract in the slightest degree from the excellence of the work done by Governors Glenn of North Carolina, Swanson of Virginia, Hoke Smith of Georgia, Comer of Alabama and Campbell of Texas. Elected largely on the issue of railroad regulation, these have proved faithful to their pledges and in office have reflected the sentiment of the people who put them there.

It affords rather an interesting parallel to contrast these five Democratic governors with certain Republican senators who have lately come into disrepute or worse. Never mind Platt and Tappan; they are off the political stage already and not long for the worldly one. But there was Senator Mitchell of Oregon, indicted and convicted of complicity in land frauds. There is Senator Burton of Kansas, who has just finished a jail sentence for violation of a United States statute. There is Senator Borah of Idaho, indicted for land frauds, but going about a free man, not even by some curious complaisance of the department of justice, having been put under bail. And there is Senator Du Pont of Delaware, whose powder trust is now being proceeded against by the government and whose indictment is promised by the attorney general.

The Republican party is as luckless in its senators as the Democracy is fortunate in its governors.

Washington, D. C.

## MRS. DOLBY'S "CALL"

Deacon's Wife Is Summoned by the Angel Gabriel.

### DEACON ISN'T INTERESTED.

Eloquence of Mining Promoter Mightier Than a Woman's Tongue—Hired Man a Nature Fakir—Dolby Learns That Elephants Have No Wings.

(Copyright, 1907, by M. M. Cunningham.) Deacon Dolby had gone down to the postoffice after supper, and as he left the house Mrs. Dolby was singing a hymn at the top of her voice and doing up the dishes. When he returned, an hour later, he found her stretched on a lounge in the sitting room and evidently at death's door. He didn't ask any questions or betray any interest, however. The same thing had occurred about a thousand times during the past ten years. He had received a circular at the postoffice, and



UTTERING WARWHOOPS.

now he sat down and took his shoes off and began to look it over. It was from a copper mining company. He had got as far as to see that when Mrs. Dolby spoke up and said:

"Samuel, don't you want to know what's the matter with me?"

The deacon lifted his right foot upon his left knee and scratched his heel and seemed not to hear.

"The matter is that I am stricken with death," continued Mrs. Dolby as she wondered whether she looked pale or not—pale enough for the occasion. "Yes, Samuel, I have got my summons to go, and you won't be bothered with me but a few hours longer. By midnight you will be free to marry again, and my spirit will be playing on a golden harp. I didn't want to go until I had done up twenty jars of strawberry jam, but when we are called we can't hold back. Do you think you'll miss me when I'm gone?"

The mining clerk announced that the Honest Joe claim, which was one of the five claims situated over the celebrated Jim Crow copper vein, had bored deep enough to ascertain that the said vein was fourteen miles thick by two broad and that it was estimated that fourteen hundred million tons of copper were lying there ready to be snaked out and sent to market. Deacon Dolby was taking it all in and did not answer his wife's question. Whether she expected it to be answered or not, she continued:

"When you started for the postoffice, Samuel, I was singing away as happy as a lark and expected to live for twenty years yet. Then Mrs. Edwards came over to borrow my four pound flatiron. She was in an awful hurry, but she sat down and said she thought it her duty to tell me something. She didn't want to make any family trouble, but she thought I hadn't ought to go on living in ignorance of certain things. Samuel, two weeks ago you went over to Liverpool. You said you went to see a five legged calf. When you got back you told me just how that fifth leg was hitched on, and you looked so innocent that but for Mrs. Edwards I should have gone to my grave without suspecting anything. Samuel, your sins have found you out. There was a circus in Liverpool that day. You went over to see the circus. You were one of the first ones in and one of the last ones out. U-m-m-m! If anybody had told me that I would live to see this day, I wouldn't have believed it. Deacon Dolby at a circus!"

Tears and sobs came at this juncture, and the deacon seemed a little uneasy. But for the circular he might have asserted that he went to the circus simply to see the hyenas, but the paper interested him. The shares in the Honest Joe were \$100 each, but that the widows and orphans and ministers and deacons of the country might participate in a good thing they had been cut to \$5 each for a short time. The president of the company, who was a noble man and could not lie, assured all stockholders of 100 per cent dividends at the end of a year. One cent down and a cent a month would buy ten shares right off the reel.

"Yes, went to a circus," said Mrs. Dolby after a breathless silence lasting five minutes—"went to a circus and laughed as loud as anybody and bought lemonade and peanuts! You were seen there. You were seen to laugh and sport at the clown's jokes. You were seen to look with your mouth wide open when the circus women were riding horseback on one leg. You did all these things, Samuel, and then came back to your poor wife and innocent home and sat down and told about a five legged calf! It's a good thing I've got my summons to go. I never could have lived after finding out what sort of a man you were. Samuel, do you deny going to the circus? It's just possible that people took some one else for you. Do you want to hold my hand and deny it?"

Mr. Dolby put down his right foot and elevated his left. But for the circular he might have fled a general denial. He had attended the circus, but only to see the elephants. A hired man had once contended that they had wings and feathers, and he wanted to see for himself. The circular went on to say that the Honest Joe mine was no swindle and to advise the public to beware of all other copper mines. They were simply holes in the ground for the innocent and unwary to fall into. He had just decided to sell a cow and invest when Mrs. Dolby said:

"Mrs. Edwards said she couldn't stay another minute after telling that you were seen at the circus, but I wouldn't let her go. I told her that I was a tiding woman and that she must tell me all. Then she said that you and a lot more men were at Snyder's grocery a few nights ago and Snyder passed around a pall of hard cider. You know what hard cider is, Samuel. You know how oily and deceiving it is. You know that it's stronger than beer and that every deacon in the country turns his back on it. Did you? Not at all! You were one of the first to drink, and they say you guzzled it down like so much buttermilk. It wasn't ten minutes afterward when you were uttering warwhoops and saying you could lick any man in this town. When you came home that night I thought there was something wrong with you. Your eyes looked funny, and your tongue seemed too thick, but I didn't ask any questions. I thought your brother out in Indiana might be dead and that you had got a letter and was feeling bad. Samuel, tell me that you didn't drink as much as two quarts of that old cider. Tell me you didn't whoop and want to fight. I don't want to die thinking you have turned pirate in your old age."

It was a strong appeal. It was one that made the deacon snuff his lips, but he heeded it not. That circular was taking up all his attention. The president of the Honest Joe mine had figured out that a man with \$10,000 worth of stock would clear more hard cash in one year in dividends than the owner of 500 acres of cabbage could in ten. He had almost decided on selling a second cow when Mrs. Dolby was heard from again.

"When Mrs. Edwards had told me about the hard cider, I thought I should die on the spot, but I held on to myself and says I:

"Is there anything else?"

"There is," says she.

"Then tell it before I go."

"Can you stand it?"

"I'll try."

"And then," Samuel, she told me the worst of all. She said that there was a fakir in town the other day selling something in bottles to prolong human life by twenty years. It was 50 cents a bottle, and she don't believe it was anything more than peppermint essence, but up you walks and lays down a dollar for two bottles and says to Mr. Jones, who was there, that you proposed to outlive your old woman by forty years. I've smelt the peppermint on you ever since, but you've claimed that you put some in a holier tooth. Samuel, look me in the eye and tell me whether Mrs. Edwards lied or not. I want to know before I leave this world of tears."

Mr. Dolby didn't turn and look her in the eye. He didn't even turn enough for her to observe that he was blushing. The president of the Honest Joe was winding up his circular by admonishing his readers to write him that day, that evening, that hour, before those fourteen hundred million tons of copper could turn into Chicago embalmed beef, and he was mentally figuring on what price he could get for his two cows and horse.

"You didn't refer to me as Mrs. Dolby or your wife or Rachel," sobbed the woman on the lounge, "but as 'the old woman.' You didn't care how soon I died, but you wanted to live forty years after me! I asked you for 10 cents that day, and you couldn't spare it, and yet you walk up and lay down a dollar for the life prolonger! Oh, deacon!"

But it ended there. A neighbor came in to borrow coffee for breakfast, and Mrs. Dolby rolled off the lounge and ran to get it, and when the deacon got ready to wind the clock she was saying to the other woman that she wished was never better and that she wished all people had as happy a home as she had.

M. QUAD.

#### A Golf Term.



One up and two to play.—New York Journal.

Ask Father. "William," said the teacher of the juvenile class, "what is a cat?" "I don't know," replied the little fellow, "unless it's the tax on whisky."

## HIS POOR SMILE.

When He Used It, His Wife Showed Its True Value.

"When a man gets married," exclaimed the citizen who could get the medal for laziness in any competition, "he might just as well make up his mind to work like a dog all the rest of his life."

His wife looked at him with an expression of mingled grief and surprise. After a thoughtful pause she said quietly:

"William, I wish you would step out here on the porch for a minute if you're not too tired to move so far."

He languidly obeyed and as he stood on the threshold inquired:

"What do you want? It's too warm to sit here."

"I don't want you to perform any labor. You said something about having to work like a dog because you got married."

"Yes," he replied resolutely, "I did."

"Well, for once it's my esteemed privilege to agree with you. I want you to cast your eye on that liver-colored setter you bought last week with the money that ought to have gone long ago for having the roof painted. He's fast asleep, as he has been for the last three hours. There isn't anything that will stir him up except to offer him something to eat, and even if you do that he'll open one eye and see whether he likes it or not before he will take the trouble to come and get it. Once in a great while he will get up enough energy to go hunting, but when he does he seldom if ever gets any results worth speaking of. I wouldn't have made the comparison for anything, William, for with all your shortcomings I like you. But as long as you brought it up yourself I thought it might not do any harm to call your attention to the fact that about all that liver-colored setter does is to take naps and be waited on."—Detroit Free Press.

#### A Ready Explanation.

A Washington man one day went out of town for a day's fishing, taking a luncheon with him. When he had reached the stream where he intended to enjoy his sport he discovered that he had dropped his luncheon somewhere on the way. He hastened back to look for it. Presently he met a burly dandy, who seemed very well pleased with himself and who was in the act of brushing crumbs from his lips with his sleeve.

"Did you pick up anything in the road as you came along?" asked the Washingtonian, with a suspicious glance at the negro.

"No, sah," promptly returned the colored man, "I didn't pick up nothing. Couldn't a dog hab found it an' eat it up?"—Woman's Home Companion.

#### Taking on Fat.



—New York World.

Her Mistake. "Willie," she said, with severity, as she came out of the pantry, "you have been sticking your fingers into that lemon pie."

"No'm, I haven't either," answered Willie, shaking his head vigorously.

"True enough," she said, after looking at him again. "It was your nose."

As a matter of fact, she was inclined to reproach herself for not realizing at first glance the way he had gone at the pie.—Chicago Post.

#### A Useful Relative.

"Aunt Margaret had had five cooks married from her house in three years."

Is that so? Why don't you send our daughter Julia over and see what Aunt Margaret can do for her?—Chicago Record-Herald.

#### The Red Man's Way.

Statistically Inclined Tourist (in Oklahoma)—I have been told that there are no baldheaded Indians.

Alkali like-I reckon that's so. In fact, some of 'em reach more hair than they wear.—New York World.

#### A Coming Barnum.

When I grow up to be a man, I know what I shall do. I'm going to own a circus, and I'm going to run it too. And all the animals will be as happy as I if they were free.

I'm going to be the ringmaster and give the clown a poke. I'll make the animals perform. Then I'll go out and smoke. I hope I shan't be very ill. I nearly killed my brother Bill.

My dog can do some splendid tricks. I call him, and I say: "Stand up!" You ought to see him jump and hurry to obey.

He stands as straight as a string can be, and he can sit down just like me.

He does a lot of other things—Shakes hands, turns over, "speaks." I couldn't tell how much he knows. If I should talk for weeks. And then I have a pussy cat. Who "kugs!" What do you think of that?

Of course I'd have them in the ring. They'd love it. Just like me. And I'll give all the little boys admission tickets free.

For there are children, don't you know. Who can't afford to see a show. Hebeak, Burnett in Woman's Home Companion.

## DETAILS UPON WHICH CLOSE OF CONTEST WILL BE CONDUCTED

### CLOSE OF POLLS.

Precisely at nine o'clock Saturday evening, August 24th, the polls in the Marion Mirror's great \$1500 voting contest will close, and after this hour positively no votes can be cast in the contest.

### REPORTING SUBSCRIPTIONS.

For the convenience of the office as well as for greater satisfaction on the part of the candidates the Marion Mirror would request that the candidates Saturday evening, August 24th place their uncast ballots together with subscription books and money for all unpaid subscriptions in sealed or tied packages and present these packages to a representative of the Marion Mirror at the final polling place before the closing hour, nine o'clock.

### FINAL POLLING PLACE.

The final count will be held in the office of the Marion Mirror. The candidates, their representatives and friends and the general public are cordially invited to be present and witness the final count. Chairs will be arranged in the Marion Mirror office for the accommodation of the candidates and others while awaiting the rendering of the final decisions.

### OUT-OF-TOWN CANDIDATES.

Out-of-town candidates must have their subscriptions and ballots in by nine o'clock Saturday evening, August 24th, the same as in-town candidates in order to count in the contest. A representative of the Marion Mirror will call at the post-office fifteen minutes before the time of closing the final polls, nine o'clock, for all matter from out-of-town candidates. This will allow just enough time to get the subscriptions and ballots in before the polls are finally closed. The Marion Mirror positively will not be responsible for any delay in the mails by the postal department. Subscriptions and ballots, no matter when mailed, must be in the postoffice box of the Marion Mirror by 8:45 Saturday evening, August 24th or they will not be accepted in the contest. Out-of-town candidates would do well to bring their reports to the Marion Mirror office in person the final evening; then no chance of losing the value of their work through possible postal delays will be encountered.

### COMMITTEE OF JUDGES.

The final returns will be canvassed by a committee of well known business and professional men of the community. Care has been exercised in selecting a committee that will have the fullest confidence of everyone concerned and every candidate may feel sure that a just and equitable decision will be rendered.

The committee of judges is composed of Mr. John Wadell, Mr. J. P. Ludwig, Mr. S. A. Lyon, Mayor Louis A. Scherff and Mr. C. M. Landon.

### THE FINAL DECISION.

All records are in such shape that it is believed the committee of judges will be able to complete the final canvass and render the final decision within two hours' time from the time of closing the polls at nine o'clock.

#### Scriptures Reversed.

The hobo who had been sleeping under a tree on the roadside awoke and irritably began scratching himself. "The good book is full of truths," he said, "but things have changed slightly. Nowadays it is the ant that goes to the sluggard." After which it was a case of not yet a little slumber, not yet a little sleep.

#### Old Shell Exploded.

A curious scene occurred on the premises of a Paris locksmith, recently. For the last 15 years a shell, which dated back to the siege of Paris in 1870 had been used by a rag and bone merchant as a sort of pestle. The merchant attached a handle to the shell. Some time ago the handle broke off, and the locksmith was asked to repair it. Having made a new handle red-hot, he drove it into the office of the shell. There was a tremendous explosion. The locksmith and his apprentice were blown several feet away, while pieces of the shell were driven clean through the wood-work and the window of the shop, and were found buried in the brick walls of the courtyard. Every window in the house was smashed, and large pieces of the shell were found buried in the ceiling, but by a miracle nobody was hurt.

#### Magnifying Choir Leader's Voice.

In the old village of Braybrook in Northamptonshire, England, is a monster trumpet, five six inches in length, and having a bell-shaped end two feet one inch in diameter. The trumpet is made up of ten rings, which in turn are made up of smaller parts. The use of this trumpet—only four of the kind are known to exist at the present day—was to magnify the voice of the leader in the choir and summon the people to the church service. At the present time neither the choir nor the service is in need of this extraordinary "musical instrument," but the vicar of the church takes care of the ancient relic and is fond of showing it to all visitors.

#### No Two Mouths Alike.

Dr. Paul Prager, an Austrian army surgeon, who has made a special study of methods of identification, recommends that prisoners should be identified by the shape of their palates. Dr. Prager declares that the method would be much more reliable than any at present used, for among the thousands of molds he has taken of the interior of the human mouth he has failed to find two which even slightly resembled each other. Although the teeth alter greatly with time, the markings of the palate remain unchanged throughout life.

Get Income from Flowers. For lilacs of the valley a vicar in Carmarthen draws \$2,500 from a London dealer, while an old lady in Berkshire is said to make nearly \$5,000 yearly out of Marechal Niel roses.

## CANDIDATES AND THEIR STANDING

### DISTRICT 1

Mrs. Marcellus Kerstetter, 257 Lincoln Avenue ..... 171,370  
Miss Lizzie Schoechle, 283 Bellevue ..... 5,835  
Mrs. Harry Fawcett, 223 N. Greenwood ..... 3,327  
Miss Olive Smith, 216 N. Lincoln Avenue ..... 3,930

### DISTRICT 2

Mrs. H. A. Bigford, 226 Lender street ..... 28,707  
Miss Marie Stuber, 243 N. Prospect ..... 7,581  
Miss Ernest Blow, 449 Silver ..... 3,470  
Miss Irene Reidenbaugh, 306 N. Prospect ..... 3,179

### DISTRICT 3

Mrs. J. Reidenbaugh, 377 Wind-800 ..... 156,961  
Mrs. C. W. Myers, 277 Pearl ..... 140,655  
Miss Gertrude Gibson, 245 Pleasant ..... 3,356

### DISTRICT 4

Miss Rosette Knapp, 263 Mt. Vernon Ave. .... 15,821  
Miss Anna Schoenlaub, 234 S. Greenwood ..... 10,996  
Mrs. J. Rowe, 888 E. Church ..... 7,453

### DISTRICT 5

Miss Stella Kenyon, Waldo ..... 29,657  
Miss Louise Kyle, Prospect ..... 28,076  
Mrs. Ed Hess, Prospect ..... 27,067  
Mrs. Lucy Wasserbeck, mail Green Camp ..... 4,600

### DISTRICT 6

Mrs. Walter Bibler, Morral ..... 37,767  
Mrs. Floyd Terry, LaRue ..... 18,928  
Miss Ola Scranton, LaRue ..... 5,514  
Miss Ethel Johnson, LaRue ..... 5,440

### DISTRICT 7

Mrs. Mae Mitchell, Marion R. F. D. No. 8 ..... 60,735  
Miss Maud Decker, Caledonia ..... 34,214  
Miss Anna Pittman, Caledonia ..... 26,592